

# COLLEGE CHEER

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Motto: "We Knock to Boost "

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No. 8.

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## St. Joe 8—Wolcott 26.

The varsity was given its initial try-out last Friday night when it met the husky high school team of Wolcott. The game was booked Friday noon, and without any preliminary practice of signals or team work, our team left at four o'clock, determined to show those lads how the game was to be played.

The brand of basket ball that St. Joe launched at the Wolcott team was wonderful. Our forwards fairly flew over the playing space in an effort to score. The guards played their men with all the dexterity necessary for such a position, while Deery had his hands full trying to hold their guards back in order to give Schellinger and Annen all possible chances to shoot. The Wolcotts scored three baskets before our men knew what was up. Beckman played a stellar game at guard, but his man, whether lying on the floor or scaling the wall, dropped the ball repeatedly in the basket for a count of two. Schall played the floor, helping out here and there. Every man on the team contributed to our score. When the whistle blew at the end of the game the score was 26 to 8 in favor of Wolcott.

The outcome of this game should not be disheartening. We were entirely unprepared to meet any team since we have had almost no practice at all. Besides, we encountered a very fast team; a team that has played over twenty games already this season, winning all but two. The game was played simply for practice, and will have no bearing on the varsity's official record.—W.J.E.

## Progress.

St. Joseph's has seen many improvements in the last few years. The lake in the front park has been dredged and a good bottom of cement has been put down. A wide cement walk completely circles the lake and branches off into the two main walks on the south-side of the lake. Two years ago a firm and ornamental bandstand was erected in the southeast corner of the north-side campus. This bandstand is appreciated

most in the summer months. Without it the players would be at a decided disadvantage. One of the latest improvements is the lighting of the campus and the road running through the college grounds. The lights are set upon a solid cement base surmounted by a durable and sightly standard. In the evening when the lights are all blazing forth their radiance, St. Joe reminds one of a summer resort in a holiday evening attire. With all the light that is shed upon the dark objects about the college, it will be the students' own fault if they are not bright. Another great improvement which is appreciated more during the summer months than now is the new tennis stadium. This is placed off the west side of the main building alongside of the band room. It consists of four courts, and is completely surrounded by high netting. The little ones always say, "The last is the best." So also is the latest improvement the best. There is now under construction a new gymnasium which will cost in close proximity to \$110,000 without equipment. When completed it will rival any gymnasium in the state, both as to size and the interior arrangement. If anyone is inclined to grumble about how different things are at home, just tell him to reflect on all that has been done and will be done to make St. Joseph's comfortable and pleasing for him.

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The smoking club received a lesson in will-power and steadfastness of purpose a few days ago. Pohlman, Bruin, Gerwert and Weger had made an agreement not to smoke until after the exams. Gerwert wanted to smoke; so did Weger and Bruin. But they had promised to forfeit fifty cents if they violated their promise. Here's where the will-power and purpose come in. Pohlman had the money, so Bruin and Gerwert "jumped" him and got their half dollar. Of course Pohlman and Weger didn't want to smoke, but since Bruin and Dutch acted up there wasn't anything else for them to do, was there?



### What the "Cheer" Accomplisheth.

The earth, sky and men—everything—was as dismal as could be. Along the banks of the Genesee River, which flows to the rear of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, New York, alone and disconsolate moped the ex-S. J. C. student Herman Daniel who stared into the water as though in envy of the creatures inhabiting its slimy bottom. Shortly he happened upon another old S. J. C. student, John Maurer, seated upon a rock near the water's edge, and gazing alternately into the water and mud, apparently in a dilemma whether it were wiser to remain in the mire or to end the misery by a chilly but lasting plunge.

"What's the matter, John?" "What's the matter, Dan?" was the reciprocal greeting given in dismal monotones.

It was, however, quite useless for either to reply, as either knew why the other was down by the Genesee River. Dan seated himself beside his companion in misery and both stared into the mud.

"Ha! ha! ha!" in repeated successions were wafted round the bend of the river in tones so gay that the two melancholy beings raised their eyes from the mud, and, compelled by curiosity, hastened in the direction whence proceeded the happy laughter.

"You fool! what are you laughing at?"

"Why something worth while, you Gloomy Gusses; I'm reading the College Cheer."

And shortly thereafter Dan, Cocky and Vic were tripping lightly along one of the many winding paths leading from the Genesee to the crest of the neighboring hill where stands St. Bernard's Seminary. All gloom was dispelled. The "Cheer" had accomplished its purpose. Merrily they strolled along, and in melodies most sweet, sang the refrain:

They won't come back, they won't come back,

Days of happy pleasure spent at St. Joe;

Yet we rejoice, yet we rejoice,

'Cause out there we once were students, yo! ho!

They won't return, they won't return,

Days of ardent plugging, joy mixed therein;

Still we're content, still we're content,

'Cause remembrance joyful nestles within.

—Anonymous

A meeting of the Columbian Literary Society last Sunday resulted in the election of the following officers: Pres., Adam Ritter; Vice Pres., John Antony; Secy., Leo Beck; Treas., Paul Fogarty; Critic, Edwin Kaiser; Executive Committee, Anthony Paluzak, Leo Pierre and Mathias Schmidt. Leo Beck was appointed Assistant Librarian to succeed Adam Ritter.

### In Collegeville.

It was a dark, damp and dreary evening in January. Outside the rain was falling in fits and starts, as though it would like to come down and yet dreaded the contact with the cold, wet ground. Several students were standing beneath the electric light standard at the corner of Faculty Avenue and Pump Lane. While they were thinking of some choice phrase to express the quality of the weather, they were approached by Bob Loughrey.

"Never let the weather bother you, boys," he said, with one of his wise looks. "Remember whether it's cold or whether it's hot, we must have weather, whether or not."

After delivering this solar plexus blow, he walked toward the main building with his Malvolian stride.

Then Rodgers, with one of his inimitable optimistic smiles on his face, said: "Well boys, there goes the bell; time for studies; let's go in."

And in they went.

### Telafoining.

Hello! Are you dere? -- What number do I vant? What numbers have you got? -- Oh! I must have a number, hah? Vell say, giff me 1249-J. -- Hello, is dis der manacher? -- Oh you're vun of dose fresh guys, ain't you? Say do me a fafor, vill you? -- Hang a crepe on your nose, your brains are deat! -- Oh! I beg your pardon; you're der manacher, huh? Say dis your tenant, Cohen. -- No, not Lieutenant Cohen. -- Oh, now I don't know. -- Say, last nite der vind blew a shuttah my house off, and I vant dat you send it a carpainter -- A carpainter! a vorkman! a man vot hits da hammer mit da nails, you know! Vell, I vant dat you send it a carpainter, a vorkman, to mend -- No, not two men, vun man, to mend da dam -- No, I ain't coising you; to mend da damaged shuttah. -- No, I didn't say shut up. Listen: Last nite da vind blew da shuttah my house off, and I vant dat you send it a vorkman to mend -- Oh, never mind: I'll fix it myself!



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OTTO KELLER, Secretary,  
THEODORE FETTIG, Treasurer.

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## EDITORIALS.

VACATION is over! We were so glad to see it come, but perhaps not quite so glad to see it go. It is over, however; we enjoyed it, so now we should have no regrets. With the passing of vacation passed also another year. We are now beginning a new one, and we must face what it has in store for us. What that is we do not know, and perhaps it is better that we do not. Have you ever thought on what might occur to you during the coming twelvemonth? What and how next New Years will find you? This ought to furnish sufficient food for reflection, at the same time it ought to remind us that, since time is such an uncertain thing, it is well for us to make the best use of it while we have it.

IN speaking about the value of time it occurs to us that just at present our time is about as valuable to us as it could possibly be. That is because, as you have most probably guessed, the semi-annual exams. are fast approaching; in fact they begin the 27th of this month. It is not too early to begin reviewing right now. Many students find it a fine practice to start preparing for exams a couple weeks in advance. Consequently when the tests arrive they are prepared for them. It would help most of the students were they to adopt this plan; it would rob the exams. of the greater part of their terrors.

WE don't want to talk too much on the value of time, or our readers may soon think that nothing else matters; but we have just a few more words to say on the subject before dismissing it. About an hour each day is spent at meals, and what use do most of us make of it? It is true we occupy most of it in eating, but surely we can do more things than one at a time. The time at table can be used very profitably; it affords an excellent opportunity for discussing things of interest. Such discussion possesses a great educational value. It too often happens that our

table talk is of such a light—perhaps even foolish—nature that at the end of the meal it has not benefitted us in the least. Meal time presents an opportunity for self-betterment which ought not be overlooked.

## Some Table Talks.

Table No. 1—The rise and fall of the thermometer. How to laugh. Why the candy trust and pool trust are no trusts—or rather, donot trust. Union Workman.

Table No. 2—Moonlight. How not to snore. The mysteries of Huntington.

Table No. 3—Journalism. Music. Track work, especially dashes. The advantages of (a) Union Workman.

Table No. 4—Photography. Dictionaries. How to send the cue ball in first.

## LOCALS.

Godfrey Silverstein was out riding in his Ford, when he ran out of gasoline. He had a gallon of alcohol in the machine (?) so he put that in the tank. As the machine was reeling from side to side Breen, who was watching it from the sidewalk, said, "That is the first time I have ever seen a drunken louse."

Frank DeJaco in one of his extemporaneous philosophical discourses: Say fellows did it ever strike you that if your heel is worn off you can have it fixed by the shoemaker, but if your soul is lost there is no hope?

I'd rather be a Could-Be  
If I couldn't be an Are;  
For a Could-Be is a May-Be  
With a chance of touching par.  
I'd rather be a Has-Been  
Than a Might-Have-Been, by far,  
For a Might-Have-Been has never  
been,  
But a Has was once an Are.  
—Exchange

## HEARD ON THE MONON.

Castles—Are you going to take this train to Monon, Paris?

Steidle—No, I think I'll let the engineer do that.

Rel. Prof.—Who was John Huss?

Fogarty—A German farmer.

Prof.—That's right, a German reformer.

Sansbury—While I was home a street car cut a wheel off our dog.

Glass—Well that's a good one! Dogs haven't got wheels; wagons have.

Stansbury—Yes but his tail was a-waggin'.



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